

# THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR.

THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

OFFICE IN PHOENIX BLOCK THIRD STORY.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. 7, NO. 2.

RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1860.

WHOLE NUMBER 790.

## Poetical.

To Anna.  
For the Portage Sentinel.

The darkness comes, the sun wanes low,  
O'er woodland and o'er lea;  
And with the light my spirits go—  
No joy to-night for me.

The twilight fades; the stars are bright  
As jewels from the sea;  
My spirits darken with the night—  
No joy to-night for me.

The old bell chimes the hour of nine,  
In tones of life and gloom;  
But a heavy heart beats not the time—  
No joy to-night for me.

The mellow flute-voice rises and falls,  
In cadence soft and low;  
But every strain of music calls—  
No joy to-night for me.

Why is this, 'mid joy and cheer,  
That I should sigh and fret?  
Thus comfortless; there is I fear,  
No joy to-night for me.

Lured ones are far away from here;  
Dear ones whom I would see;  
I cannot check a single tear—  
No joy to-night for me.

The carrier-dove hath brought no news;  
No word of love from thee;  
Thou art not here—no word of thine—  
No joy to-night for me.

## Miscellaneous.

Mrs. Swishelm on Dancing.

Mrs. Swishelm has a chapter on dancing, and most decidedly in favor of that kind of amusement. Hear how she talks:

"It is worthy of notice that those churches and people who most strenuously oppose dancing, have always encouraged and practiced it under other names. Like the temperance men who would not drink cider, but had no objection to a glass of apple juice; our opponents of dancing have their children taught the art under the name of 'Calisthenics,' and practice it when it is called 'Play.' For it is a remarkable fact, that these old time favorites of religious communities, 'Dear Sister Phoebe,' 'Ring around Rosy,' 'All a marching to Quebec,' 'The White Cockade,' 'Copenhagen,' &c., &c., are, every one of them, Cotillions and Contra Dances performed to vocal and instrumental music.

The difference between the religious and the profane dance is, that in the former, every man in the room is compelled, on pain of a breach of etiquette, to kiss every woman in the room; and vice versa, that it is quite in order for married women to sit down on the knees of young gentlemen, put their arms around their necks, bring two pairs of lips together with a smack, and do any amount of hugging. While in a profane dance, even those of most doubtful propriety, the greatest familiarity, between persons of opposite sexes, is a gentleman placing one hand on a lady's waist, while she rests one hand on his shoulder, and the disengaged hand in the other. The churches, therefore, who set up rules against dancing, are fairly and squarely committed to the doctrine that promiscuous dancing is all right, and pious and innocent, provided it is accompanied by promiscuous kissing, with a suitable allowance of hugging and general rough and tumble.

While, without those refining and elevating additions, it is evil, and that continually. There is no escaping this conclusion for the anti-dancing churches and churches are too openly committed in favor of these vulgar plays for an intelligent man to deny, that either they have acted blindly, or that the kissing and hugging sanctifies the dancing.

Now, since all the experience of the past proves that people will dance, even grave and reverend deacons, we are in favor of the dancing without the ecclesiastics. But apart from all comparisons, we regard dancing as a positive good, as something which requires no apology, but is inherently right in itself; all efficient means of perfecting, refining and cultivating the crowning work of God's creation; a means appointed and directly approved by the Creator himself. It is liable to abuse, and the object of reformers should be to regulate, not to abolish it.

## An Affected Clergyman.

A clergyman, not thirty miles from Brighton, who was noted for his affected pronunciation, went to a shoemaker and ordered a pair of boots to be made. A few days after he called and inquired if they were ready, and was answered in the negative. "Will they be ready by next Wednesday?" asked the clergyman. "No!" said the shoemaker, "but you shall have them by next Thursday."

The addition of "ah" to a sentence, in exhortation, is considered by some an essential aid but sometimes it has a very ludicrous effect, as in the case of the man who said, "that though in the early part of his life he had been opposed to God, for twenty years he had been living on the Lord's side."

The easiest and best way to expend the chest is to have a good large heart in it; it saves the cost of gymnastics.

The sun is every man's servant, working every day in the year for him, and exacting no wages.

"Susan," asked Charley, "what angel dropped from the clouds?" "The rain-deer," was the whispered reply.

## The Patriot's Daughter.

AN INCIDENT OF 1779.

It was in the year 1779, and in the state of Virginia, that the following incident is said to have occurred; as everything relating to our first great war possesses more or less interest, we feel anxious to contribute our portion to the general stock of information.

The story is one of many which an ancient grand parent of ours used to relate, and though we were but children at the time we heard it, the recollection has never departed from us:

Early one bright morning a handsome, dashing young girl was riding along a solitary road in the vicinity of the British encampment. With a free rein, and a bold, undaunted bearing, the lady fearlessly pursued her way, notwithstanding her proximity to the invading army was anything but safe.

A few miles in the country, a little back from the point where the young girl had made her appearance, there was a handsome dwelling, which was owned and occupied by a patriotic gentleman named Clement Moore. Mr. Moore's immediate family consisted of a wife and two children, a son and daughter, aged, respectively twenty-three and twenty years. Like most well-to-do Southern gentlemen, Mr. M. also possessed a number of male and female domestics, house servants and field hands.

At the date referred to, the family was separated, the members scattered in different directions, and the mansion deserted and closed, Mr. Moore and his son were away in the swamps with the patriotic chief Mifflin; and in consequence of certain suspicious movements on the part of the British, and in view of the enemy's well known policy, the negroes had been quietly sent off to distant parts, and as much of the furniture and articles of husbandry removed as was possible, and Mrs. M. and her daughter Lydia had taken themselves to a small and secluded cottage not far distant, there to remain, and watch the course of coming events.

Suddenly, as would happen, Mrs. M. was taken very ill with a nervous disorder, and fearing to trust the slow motions of the only domestic they had kept with them—an old negro man—Lydia, the daughter, mounted her favorite horse—which, very fortunately, they had not sent along with the rest—and started off to call in the doctor, whose residence was some miles off.

Her course necessarily and unavoidably led her not far from the British camp, but trusting all to Providence and her own resolute spirit, she unhesitatingly spurred forward on her errand. The hour was quite early, and without any hindrance, the gallant young woman reached the doctor's house, but only to be disappointed at not finding him at home. Leaving an earnest message for his early attendance, she started back, and it is on her way home that we have first encountered her.

All the country round, Lydia Moore was famous for her handsome appearance; and our forefathers were just as excellent judges of what was beautiful as we are at the present day. She was tall and gracefully, well developed, finely proportioned form. Her complexion was pure and white as the drifted snow—her cheeks as red and blooming as the best of health could make them—her eyes a deep, dark blue, and liquid looking, and her hair a glossy brown, wavy and remarkably profuse. Her mental gifts were also as rare as her personal charms; and not a lady in all Virginia was more blessed in mind and in body.

And now having placed our heroine properly before the reader, we will proceed with the more active incidents of our sketch.

With her proud, handsome head thrown majestically back, the young girl dashed along on her way. All at once, however, she reined in her horse and uttered a sudden exclamation. The next moment she suddenly uttered: "I can but try it," and again put her horse into a gallop.

Advancing from the point toward which she was proceeding, she beheld a white mounted British officer, who was also speeding on his way with considerable rapidity.

Spurring her horse into a run, Lydia boldly dashed on. The officer appeared to divine her intentions at once, for he suddenly halted, and speedily placed himself in the favorite position to intercept her progress.

That the Englishman meant to waylay her, there was not the least room to doubt. On came our heroine, however, sweeping like the wind, and evidently intending to run down everything in her path. The officer seemed to construe the purpose aright, and apparently thinking it best to avoid the impending catastrophe, drew aside sufficiently to let her pass.

Lydia dashed ahead, congratulating herself on her good fortune.

As she passed along, the Englishman suddenly wheeled his horse around, accomplishing the movement so quickly and nicely, that he was enabled to seize the bridle rein of Lydia's steed before the young girl had gotten out of the reach of his progress.

A small whip dangled from the lady's wrist, and quick as a flash she drew back her hand and struck her assailant a cutting blow across the face; blood flowed instantly, and the Englishman uttered a howl of pain, but did not relinquish his grasp of Lydia's horse, as the young girl calculated he would.

"Let me pass at once, sir; or I'll repeat the blow!" she exclaimed boldly.

"Try it again, you shall see, I'll show you no more mercy than I would a dumb beast," shouted the enraged Briton.

"I know just what you are capable of doing, and act accordingly," responded Lydia, her head erect and her eyes flashing fire.

"You wear a scarlet coat, and nothing further is needed."

"You are a cursed rebel, and like all rebels, deserve but little mercy!" responded the Englishman, biting his teeth with rage. "Yes, base Briton, if to hate, and every way in my power oppose wrong, injustice and tyranny constituted a rebel I am one of the worst," rejoined the young girl wholly carried away by the deep indignation of her feelings.

"You talk bravely, my lady, and have had a good teacher, but you can't frighten men with big sounding words," replied the officer, stepping the blood from his wounded cheek, and glaring fiercely at the defiant maiden.

"I talk as I feel, minion of a tyrant king!" and, "like my brave father, know nothing of fear," was the proud reply.

"Indeed," rejoined the Englishman, deeply and bitterly. "And, pray, my pretty horse, who might your brave father be?" Some rashly cur, I'll warrant."

"Contemptible Briton, my father occupies a place like of you could never hope to aspire to, and no man living, friend or foe, would dare to hint a wrong and couple the name of Col. Moore with such an act."

"Col. Moore, indeed! I the rank and file of ever lifted his hand against his lawful sovereign!" responded the Englishman between his teeth.

"Liar!" cried the young girl, vehemently. "My father is a true patriot, and as brave and honest a man as lives."

"A cursed rebel, who deserved hanging and will get his due the first time he falls into the hands of his majesty's soldiers." We have been looking for him and several others this long time. Come, my lady, you must go along with me into the camp. With you in our power, we shall have a better chance of securing your rebel father, and that will repay me somewhat for this cut across the face."

"My brave father is safe beyond your reach, and so will his daughter be in a few moments," rejoined Lydia, again suddenly drawing back her arm and dealing the Englishman another blow that for the instant fairly blinded him. At the same time she urged forward her horse by hand and voice. Obedient to the will of his mistress, the noble animal gave a plunge and jerked away from the writhing and bewildered Englishman, and dashed ahead.

With a cry of rage, Lydia's assailant spurred up his own horse and madly darted in pursuit of the flying girl. At the top of their speed the animals tore along the road. The race was a determined and exciting one, but everything seemed to indicate that Lydia would finally outdistance her pursuer.

On they sped for a mile at least, and the young girl's heart bounding with her increasing prospect of escape. Suddenly, however, her horse stumbled and threw her from his back. Fortunately the soil was not very hard, and our heroine escaped any serious injury. Stunned and insensible, however, she lay stretched out upon the ground. Her horse recovered himself instantly, and after running forward three or four rods, stopped.

In a few moments her pursuer reached the spot. Bending down over the pale and half unconscious girl, he muttered:

"She is as handsome a woman as I ever put my eye on, and just as sharp tongued and bold as she's handsome. By my soul I wouldn't have such a virago for a crown of jewels! Curse her ready hand," he added sullenly and hatefully; "I owe her a deep debt, and woman as she is, I'm almost tempted to put a bullet through her proud heart. But no! I'll take her into the camp, she will serve as a hostage for her father. Come, my lady, you are past using your whip now. Perhaps, if you'd been quite as ready with your hand as tongue, you would have been on your way home now, you had one, and not in the camp of the enemy."

Meanwhile, Lydia had been slowly recovering consciousness, but neither word nor sign indicated the favorable change. With returning sensibility she finally realized the necessity of being careful and cautious.

The Englishman bent forward with the intention of lifting up the young girl and his position brought the butt of a pistol, which he carried at his waist, in tempting proximity to Lydia's hand. With a sudden gleam in her bright and earnest eyes, the young girl grasped the weapon and sprang to her feet, almost overturning the astonished rebel.

Quickly pointing the deadly weapon at the Englishman's person, she exclaimed: "Advance one step toward me, miserable poltroon, and as sure as I live I will shoot you down!"

The Briton hesitated, and set his teeth with suppressed rage. The next moment he cried out suddenly, no doubt thinking he would throw Lydia off her guard:

"Foot! the weapon is not loaded."

The face of our heroine blanched, but she stood firm as a rock. Drawing his sword as he spoke, the Englishman dashed at her.

With a strong hope that her assailant spoke falsely, our heroine pulled the trigger, but no other alternative being left her. A loud report and an agonizing cry at once smote upon the still air. The next moment Lydia beheld the Englishman stretched out upon the ground. He neither moved a limb or muscle as she could see. Her first emotions over, our heroine approached the fallen Briton. She stooped down and felt his pulse. It had ceased to beat.

"He is dead," she murmured. "God forgive me if I have done wrong, for under no other circumstance would I have raised my hand against a fellow creature's life."

"At that moment the hum of a busy preparation floated in her ears from the British camp. She knew what the sounds indicated. The report of the pistol had created an alarm."

"I must fly," she cried, "or I shall yet be captured, and dreadful would be my doom then."

Hastily remounting to the back of her horse, she dashed forward, and without any further adventure finally arrived at her secluded home. In that out of the way corner pursuit failed to reach her, and she escaped without the slightest molestation.

Concerning her adventure, Lydia said nothing at the time, only revealing the facts when she felt she could do so without creating any unnecessary alarm or anxiety.

Invited to dine.

The too frequent habit of extending mere formal invitations is well rebuked in the following anecdote of M. Vivier, the eminent physician, celebrated for his ready wit, his skill on the cornet, and his close intimacy with Rossini. He had hardly arrived in Paris on his return from his summer travels when he was invited to dine with M. B., a musical amateur and rich capitalist.

After the repast the master and mistress of the house said to their agreeable guest:

"We hope that we shall have you often to dine with us; your place will always be ready."

"Always!" said Vivier; "that is, in the fashionable sense of the word."

By no means. We are not persons of such hollow politeness. You know how much we love artists, and you in particular. Our home is yours. Come and dine with us whenever you please. We should be glad if it were every day.

"In earnest?"

"Certainly; we should be delighted!"

Ah, well, since you are so cordial, I will do my best to be agreeable."

"We shall depend upon seeing you."

"The next day Vivier presented himself."

"You see," said he, "that I have taken your invitation literally. I have come to dine."

"Ah, it is very charming," replied his hosts, to whom, this arrival appeared very piquant and quite original. The dinner was very gay, and the artist, on taking leave, received many compliments.

The next day they were about to sit down to the table, Vivier again appeared.

"Here I am, excited, punctual, and faithful to my promise. But it is singular," he continued, fixing a penetrating and quizzical look upon the faces of the hosts; "it is singular—you appear surprised; did you not expect me?"

"Oh, certainly; you give us much pleasure," the couple replied, with a forced smile.

"So much the better."

Vivier sat down, and was in his happiest vein, played the agreeable to all the family, and seemed unconscious that he had all the burden of the entertainment, and that, except a few monosyllables, the conversation was reduced to a mere monologue. On the fourth day, at six o'clock precisely, the obstinate guest once more presented himself.

This time coolness and restraint were plainly perceptible, and Vivier spoke of it. The mistress of the house replied stiffly:

"It is only because we feared you would not fare well; we have so poor a dinner to-day."

"I thought you expected me, but it is of no consequence. I am not difficult to please. I only wish the pleasure of your society."

He seated himself with perfect composure, ate heartily, and then turning to Madame with a complimentary air, he remarked:

"What could you mean? The dinner is quite as good as the others. Excellent fare, upon my word. I should desire nothing better."

The next day—it was the fifth—Vivier arrived as usual. The porter met him at the door.

"Monsieur B. is not at home. He dines down town to-day."

"Ah! very well. But I forgot my great-coat yesterday; I must ask the servant for it," and, darting across the threshold and up the staircase, he knocked. The door was opened—the unexpected apparition appeared. "Your porter is a booby," said Vivier gaily. "He pretended that you had gone out, but I knew he was mistaken."

But what long accident! Has anything happened? Any accident, any misfortune be confided to him." At last, at the dessert, he burst into a fit of laughter and said: "I know what is the matter, and what troubles you. It is your invitation, so cordially made and so liberally accepted. I thought that I would make the trial, supposing that you would not endure me long."

To-day you shut the door, against me, and to-morrow, if I should return, you would perhaps throw me out of the window. But you will not catch me here. I wish you a very good evening."

An "Ingen" and a white man were passing along Broadway, when the former espied a window full of wigs, and pointing to the owner who was standing in the doorway, said: "Ugh—him great man—big brave—take many scalps!"

Mrs. Partington hearing that a young man had set up for himself, said, "Poor fellow! has he no friend that will set up for him part of the time."

Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables?—Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

## The Portage Sentinel.

Wednesday, August 23, 1860.

Mr. Vernon, Aug. 13th, 1860.

To the Editor of the Portage Sentinel:

DEAR SIR:—Having a little leisure on my hands, I thought I would improve it by writing you a short letter, putting you up in matters in this part of the world. As you perceive, I date from Mt. Vernon—not the Mt. Vernon of old, where rests the ashes of our beloved Washington, on the banks of the broad Potomac—but the Mt. Vernon in Knox county, Ohio, on the banks of the romantic Owl Creek. The original name of the creek has been changed, however, and is known under the classic name of "Vernon River." This River in former times, was a favorite resort of the Indians. Along its flowery banks the red man strayed, "Monarch of all he surveyed." Now the white man "owns" all. The wilderness has been made to blossom like a rose, and the red man has gone home to the happy hunting grounds of his race. To quote from a modern poet—

"Here the wild Indian roared,  
Fished, and bled;  
Now the inhabitant is mostly white  
With 'nary red."

However, there are some Black Republicans left around "these diggins," which brings to my mind political matters. The Democracy are in good spirits here as everywhere. Not a doubt have they but that Douglas will be elected next President by the people. Every day in this section of Ohio, and indeed all over the country, men are leaving the opposition faction, and coming over to the support of the "Little Giant." Old gray headed men, who have not voted for years, have been pointed out to me, who now signify their intention to vote this fall for Stephen A. Douglas; and why? because they like the man; they like the principles he advocates; they see that the Union is in danger of dissolution if the Presidency falls into the hands of the Republicans or Disunionists, and they are determined to help avert such a calamity if possible.

Hickory Poles with Banners and Douglas and Johnson inscribed thereon are scattered all along the line in this direction. The Democratic farmer's boy must have his own individual hickory, so he raises one 30 or 40 feet high before the door and shouts to Douglas as you pass along. But, after all, I have made up my mind, that we are all Union men in this country. The Bell men go for the Constitution and Union. The Black (Republican) men go for Union with the Breck men. The Breck men (what few there are) go for union with the irrepressible negro dyed in the wool, whilst the Democratic hosts with the gallant Douglas for their leader, are for

"The Union of States and the Union of lands,  
The Union of States alone can save;  
The Union of hearts and the Union of hands,  
And the 'Flag of our Union' forever."

The Ladies, also, especially the single ones, we know have always been in favor of Union, "to a man."

Mt. Vernon is a very pretty "City set on a hill;" numbers about 5,000 inhabitants; there is a splendid farming country all around; the crops are excellent, corn never looked as well here, and fruit in abundance. Prosperous times seem to be ahead. But I must close and mail this. We leave to-morrow for Columbus, Dayton and Cincinnati. From the latter place you may hear from me again. Till then adieu.

Yours, &c. A. J. W.

EDINBURG, Aug. 6th, 1860.

To the Editor of the Portage Sentinel:

DEAR SIR:—Having a few leisure moments which I know not better how to improve than by writing you concerning events, prospects &c. of our town, I sit down to the task—I may call it thus—cheerfully; glad, particularly so in these times of strife and contention that I have a paper in our own county, with which I can in sentiment so cordially agree. The National Democrat—so called—established at Cleveland by the "Powers that be," having opened its flood gates of slander and pollution, has had a tendency to create or rather extend this division; but as its circulation is limited, party alienation is less so—nearly all who have hitherto voted the Democratic ticket, intending to vote for Stephen A. Douglas in the coming contest.

But a few have changed their creed. To be sure, for one to change opinions is not at all strange—for man, no matter how intelligent, after he has given a subject a fair investigation, may afterward view it with reference to some other relation before unperceived, and the change be an honest one. But there are times when it betrays a weak and pusillanimous disposition. This is sometimes shown by being waited about by popular sentiment, making public opinion the great criterion by which to act; but oftentimes it is shown by an adherence to a particular leader, making his views, howeversoever they may vary, the test of right and wrong. Such persons among the Democracy of our country, I gladly believe are rare. Certainly on the Western Reserve popular sentiment could offer no particular inducement for any to join our ranks, so we had reason to believe that all who were Democrats were so from principle, and that we were free from those vacillating and ever changing in their views. But here, as elsewhere, we have a few seceders—about one half dozen all told—who intend to vote for Breckinridge and Lane, preferring their success to the triumph of the very principles they, four years ago, so ardently advocated.

Then they considered Douglas an able defender of the principles of the party, and the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty which they now denounce and nickname "Squatter Sovereignty," they were proud to acknowledge as a distinguishing feature of our policy. Yes, it was only four years ago that non-intervention on the subject of slavery in the Territories—the settled policy of our party, was firmly maintained by all, and then any one opposing, would not have been considered a Democrat. But President Buchanan's views having changed—the Administration having sold itself to the South, our Postmaster and a few others blindly follow, and thus support the Administration," advocating that newly-fledged theory that Congress shall assume the special protection of slavery.

H. D.

## The Last Plank Gone.

The Louisville Democrat, a Southern paper of great influence, shatters the last plank upon which the Disunionists and all other enemies of Popular Sovereignty stand in the following short and expressive article. The Disunionists allege, that even granting that the Democratic party had been committed to the doctrine that the people of a Territory, "like those of a State," should vote on slavery as well as upon all other domestic institutions, and that the Territorial Legislatures might legislate upon that question, yet that the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Dred Scott rendered a change of front necessary, inasmuch as that court decided that the Territorial Legislature had no such power, and that the people of the Territory were not entitled to vote upon slavery as well as upon other local and domestic institutions. This is their present patent daily cry, but the words of the Louisville Democrat prove its absurdity:

"We reply that it is utterly false that Douglas or any other Democrat agreed to submit to an abstract opinion of the Supreme Court. The matter submitted was the act with a Territorial Legislature might pass. They were to be valid or not, as the court might decide, when a case was brought before it."

"It is provided in the Kansas bill itself; and there is not a word about submitting to any abstract notions of a court. The assertion that anything else was submitted is utterly false; nor was it agreed that any one should abandon his opinion because the court might decide one way or the other. The decision of the court was to be submitted to as usual, whether it was held to be right or wrong. No man of sense—no Democrat, at least—proposed to submit his opinions and policy to the notions of wise men on the Supreme bench."

"The Democratic party never was guilty of such a fault, and we hope it never will be. In the Kansas bill, facilities to appeal from a Territorial court to the Supreme Court were provided; and if any one felt himself aggrieved by an act of the Legislature, there was his redress. If the court said the act was invalid, then it was not to be executed; that was all. Not that the Democratic party was to give up its judgment and reason to the judgment of the court. The party did not do so in the case of the alien and sedition law, nor in the case of the United States Bank. In both cases, the Democratic party was right and the court wrong. The party, however, submitted to the decisions of the court as they will do when the court decides a Territorial act unconstitutional. They will do so to it that such an act shall not be put in operation."

"We now challenge the whole boisterous fraternity to find a pledge beyond this, either in the Territorial bills or in the speeches in support of them. It is a label on the party to be used, that it submit its conclusions to the Supreme Court, and agreed to substitute its decisions for the Constitution itself. At Charleston, the proposition to submit to what a court might decide, was repudiated by the voters, although the resolution only meant what all good citizens are required to do; it was said that it might mean too much."

"The Democratic party never was guilty of such a fault, and we hope it never will be. In the Kansas bill, facilities to appeal from a Territorial court to the Supreme Court were provided; and if any one felt himself aggrieved by an act of the Legislature, there was his redress. If the court said the act was invalid, then it was not to be executed; that was all. Not that the Democratic party was to give up its judgment and reason to the judgment of the court. The party did not do so in the case of the alien and sedition law, nor in the case of the United States Bank. In both cases, the Democratic party was right and the court wrong. The party, however, submitted to the decisions of the court as they will do when the court decides a Territorial act unconstitutional. They will do so to it that such an act shall not be put in operation."

"We now challenge the whole boisterous fraternity to find a pledge beyond this, either in the Territorial bills or in the speeches in support of them. It is a label on the party to be used, that it submit its conclusions to the Supreme Court, and agreed to substitute its decisions for the Constitution itself. At Charleston, the proposition to submit to what a court might decide, was repudiated by the voters, although the resolution only meant what all good citizens are required to do; it was said that it might mean too much."

"The Democratic party never was guilty of such a fault, and we hope it never will be. In the Kansas bill, facilities to appeal from a Territorial court to the Supreme Court were provided; and if any one felt himself aggrieved by an act of the Legislature, there was his redress. If the court said the act was invalid, then it was not to be executed; that was all. Not that the Democratic party was to give up its judgment and reason to the judgment of the court. The party did not do so in the case of the alien and sedition law, nor in the case of the United States Bank. In both cases, the Democratic party was right and the court wrong. The party, however, submitted to the decisions of the court as they will do when the court decides a Territorial act unconstitutional. They will do so to it that such an act shall not be put in operation."

"We now challenge the whole boisterous fraternity to find a pledge beyond this, either in the Territorial bills or in the speeches in support of them. It is a label on the party to be used, that it submit its conclusions to the Supreme Court, and agreed to substitute its decisions for the Constitution itself. At Charleston, the proposition to submit to what a court might decide, was repudiated by the voters, although the resolution only meant what all good citizens are required to do; it was said that it might mean too much."

"The Democratic party never was guilty of such a fault, and we hope it never will be. In the Kansas bill, facilities to appeal from a Territorial court to the Supreme Court were provided; and if any one felt himself aggrieved by an act of the Legislature, there was his redress. If the court said the act was invalid, then it was not to be executed; that was all. Not that the Democratic party was to give up its judgment and reason to the judgment of the court. The party did not do so in the case of the alien and sedition law, nor in the case of the United States Bank. In both cases, the Democratic party was right and the court wrong. The party, however, submitted to the decisions of the court as they will do when the court decides a Territorial act unconstitutional. They will do so to it that such an act shall not be put in operation."

"We now challenge the whole boisterous fraternity to find a pledge beyond this, either in the Territorial bills or in the speeches in support of them. It is a label on the party to be used, that it submit its conclusions to the Supreme Court, and agreed to substitute its decisions for the Constitution itself. At Charleston, the proposition to submit to what a court might decide, was repudiated by the voters, although the resolution only meant what all good citizens are required to do; it was said that it might mean too much."

"The Democratic party never was guilty of such a fault, and we hope it never will be. In the Kansas bill, facilities to appeal from a Territorial court to the Supreme Court were provided; and if any one felt himself aggrieved by an act of the Legislature, there was his redress. If the court said the act was invalid, then it was not to be executed; that was all. Not that the Democratic party was to give up its judgment and reason to the judgment of the court. The party did not do so in the case of the alien and sedition law, nor in the case of the United States Bank. In both cases, the Democratic party was right and the court wrong. The party, however, submitted to the decisions of the court as they will do when the court decides a Territorial act unconstitutional. They will do so to it that such an act shall not be put in operation."

"We now challenge the whole boisterous fraternity to find a pledge beyond this, either in the Territorial bills or in the speeches in support of them. It is a label on the party to be used, that it submit its conclusions to the Supreme Court, and agreed to substitute its decisions for the Constitution itself. At Charleston, the proposition to submit to what a court might decide, was repudiated by the voters, although the resolution only meant what all good citizens are required to do; it was said that it might mean too much."

"The Democratic party never was guilty of such a fault, and we hope it never will be. In the Kansas bill, facilities to appeal from a Territorial court to the Supreme Court were provided; and if any one felt himself aggrieved by an act of the Legislature, there was his redress. If the court said the act was invalid, then it was not to be executed; that was all. Not that the Democratic party was to give up its judgment and reason to the judgment of the court. The party did not do so in the case of the alien and sedition law, nor in the